



A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

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Miscellaneous.

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

ONE EVENING, in the early part of the
winter, the door bell rang with energy,
and the servant announced a man who
wished to see me. A "man" is one thing
with a servant, a "gentleman" another,
and a "person" something different from
either. The man stood in the hall, but
I wondered why he had not been called a
gentleman. I was puzzled where to
place him myself. His dress was very
neat, but plain and rather coarse. His
linen, that badge of refinement, was
white, in perfect order, and almost ele-
gant. But nothing gave clue to his po-
sition in life. In all outward seeming
he was simply a man. When he spoke to
me his address was simple, clear, di-
rect, and with a certain air of self-reli-
ance, the furthest possible from a vulgar
bluster.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you to come
and see my child. We fear he is threat-
ened with the croup."

I put on my hat and prepared to ac-
company him; for if the case was as he
supposed there was no time to lose. In
this disease a single hour may make a
life's difference.

In a moment we were walking up one
of our broad avenues. The child, he
said, had been playing out of doors, had
eaten heartily at supper, gone to sleep,
and awakened up a short time since very
hoarse, with a croaking cough. The
case was a pretty clear one, and I hur-
ried my walk still more, and in a few
moments we were at the door. We
went up, up, up, to the fourth story.—
The last flight of stairs was carpeted,
and a small lamp at the top lighted us
up. An excellent and very durable
kind of mat lay at the door. You will
see in time why I give these little par-
ticulars.

Entered the open door, and was wel-
comed by a rather pretty and remark-
ably tidy woman, who could have been
nobody in the world but the wife of
the man who had summoned me.

"I am glad you have come so soon,"
she said, in a soft accent. "Little Wil-
liam is so distressed that he can hardly
breathe."

And the next moment as we passed
through a narrow passage where he lay,
I heard the unmistakable croup sound,
that carries such terror to the parent's
heart.

"Is it the croup, doctor?" asked the
father with a voice of emotion, as I bent
over the child—a fine boy three years
of age.

"It is certainly the croup, and a pre-
tily violent attack," said I. "How long
is it since you thought him sick?"

"Not above half an hour," was the
talm reply. It was made calm by a
firm self-control. I looked at the moth-
er. She was very pale, but did not
trust herself to speak.

"Then there is probably little danger,"
I said, "but we have something to do.
Have you the water here?"

The husband went to what seemed a
closet, opened two doors, and disclosed
a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with
the Croton. This was beyond my hopes,
and I had no time to wonder. The lit-
tle fellow was in a high fever, and la-
thering for every breath. Taking him
from his little crib, where he lay upon
a nice hair mattress, fit for a prince to
sleep on, I took off his clean night
clothes, stood him in a bathing tub, and
made his father pour full upon his neck

and chest three pails of cold water,
while I rubbed them briskly with my
hand. He was then wiped dry, and
rubbed until his whole body was glow-
ing like a flame. Then I wrung a large
towel out of cold water, and put it a-
round his throat, and then wrapped
him up in blankets. The brave little

fellow had borne it all without a com-
plaint, as if he understood that under
his father's eye no harm could come to
him. In fifteen minutes after he was
wrapped in blankets he was in a profuse
perspiration, in a sound slumber, and
breathing freely. The danger was over
—so rapid is this disease and so easily
cured.

Happiness had shed a serene light
upon the countenance of the father, and
thrown over the mother's face a glow
of beauty. I looked upon them, and
was more than ever puzzled where to
place them. There was no mark of
high breeding, not a shadow of decayed
gentility about them. It was rather
the reverse, as if they were working up
from a low rank to a higher. I looked
around the room. It was the bed-room.
Everything in it was perfectly neat and
orderly. The bed, like the crib, was
excellent; but not costly. The white
counterpane did not cost more than ten
shillings—yet how beautiful it looked.

The white window curtains were
shilling muslin, but their folds hung as
richly as if they were damask—and how
very appropriate they seemed. The
bath with its strong folding doors, I
knew had not cost, plumber's bill and
all, more than ten dollars. The toilet-
table, of an elegant form, and comple-
tely covered, I had no doubt was white
pine, and cost half a dollar. The pic-
tures on the wall were beautifully tinted
lithographs—better, far better, than
oil paintings I have seen in the houses
of millionaires; yet they can be bought
at Goupil's, or Williams & Stephens' for
from three to five shillings, and a dollar
a-piece had framed them. The floor
had carpet that seemed to match every
thing, with its small neat figure, and a
light chamber color. It was a jewel
of a room, in as perfect keeping in all
its parts, as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving the little boy to his untrou-
bled sleep, and giving directions for his
bath on his waking, we went into the
other room, which was differently
but just as neatly arranged. It might
have answered for a parlor, only it had
a cooking-stove, or an artist's studio, or
a dining room. It was hung with pic-
tures—heads, historical pieces, and land-
scapes; all such as a man of taste could
select, and buy cheap; but which, like
good books, are invaluable. And speak-
ing of books, there was a hanging li-
brary on one side of the chimney, which
a single glance assured me contained
the very choicest treasures of the Eng-
lish language.

The man went to a bureau, opened a
drawer, and took out some money.

"What is your fee, doctor?" he asked
holding out the bills so as to select one
to pay me.

Now I had made up my mind before
I got half way up stairs, that I might
have to wait for my pay—perhaps never
get it, but all this had changed. I
could not, as I often do, inquire into
the circumstances of the man. There
stood ready to pay me, with money
enough, yet it was evident that he was
a working man, and far from wealthy.
I had nothing left but to name the low-
est fee.

"One dollar does not seem enough,"
said he. "You have saved my child's
life, and have been at more trouble than
to merely sit down and write a pres-
cription."

"Do you work for your living?" said I
hoping to solve the mystery.

He smiled and held out his hand,
which bore the unquestionable marks of
honest toil.

"You are a mechanic?" I said, willing
to know more of him.

"Take that," he said placing a \$2 note
in my hand with a to-be-refused air
"and I will gratify your curiosity, for
there is no use in pretending that you
are not a little curious."

There was a hearty respectful free-
dom about this that was perfectly irre-
sistible. I put the note in my pocket,
and the man in going to door which
opened into a closet of moderate size,
displayed the bench and tool of a shoe-
maker.

"You must be an extraordinary work-
man," said I, looking around the room
which looked almost luxurious; but
when I looked at each item I found that
it cost but very little.

"No, nothing extra, I barely manage
to make a little over a dollar a day—
Mary aids me some. With the help

work to do, and our little boy to look
after, she earns enough to make our wa-
ges average \$8 a week. We began with
nothing—we live as you see."

All this comfort, this respectability,
this almost luxury for eight dollars a
week.

"I should be very sorry if we spent so
much," said he. "We not only manage
to live on that but have something laid
up in the savings' bank."

"Will you have the goodness," said I
"just to explain to me how you do it?"
for I was really anxious to know how a
shoemaker and his wife earning but \$8
a week could live in comfort and ele-
gance, and lay up money.

"With pleasure," he replied, "for you
may persuade others, no better off than
I, to make the best of their situation."

I took a chair which he handed me.
We were seated, and his wife after go-
ing to listen for a moment to the soft
and measured breathings of little Wil-
lie, sat down to her sewing.

"My name," he said, "is William Car-
ter. My father died when I was young
and I was bound out an apprentice to a
shoemaker, with the usual provision of
schooling. I did as the boys generally
do at school; and as I was very fond of
reading, made the most of my spare
time and advantages of the Apprentice's
Library. Probably the books that help-
ed me most were the sensible writings of
Wm. Cobbett. Following the lead-
ing, I determined to give myself a
useful education, and I have to some
extent succeeded. But a man's educa-
tion is a life-long process, and the more
I learn the more I see before me.

"I was hardly out of my teens when I
fell in love with Mary there, whom
some people think very pretty, but
whom I know to be very good."

Mary looked up with such a bright
loving smile, as to fully justify some
people in their notion.

"When I had been one year a jour-
neyman and had laid up a few dollars,
(for I had a strong motive to be saving)
we were married. I boarded with her
father, and she bound shoes for the shop
where I worked. We lived a few
weeks at her father's but it was not our
home—the home that we wanted—so
we determined to set up housekeeping.
It was rather a small set up but we made
it answer. I spent a week in house-
hunting. Some were too dear, and
some too shabby. At last I found this
place. It was new and clean, high and
airy, and I thought it would do. I got
it for \$50 a year—and though the rents
around have advanced our landlord is
satisfied with that, or takes it in prefer-
ence to risking a worse tenant. The
place was naked enough, and we had
little to put in it, to serve ourselves, we
went cheerfully to work, earned all we
could, saved all we could, and you see
what the result."

"I see, but I confess I do not under-
stand it," said I, willing to hear him ex-
plain the economies of his modest and
beautiful home.

"Well, it is simple enough. When Mary
and I moved ourselves here and took
possession, with a table, two chairs, a
cooking-stove, a saucepan or two, and a
cot-bed with a straw mattress, the first
thing we did was to hold a council of war."

"Now Mary, my love," said I, "here we
are. We have next to nothing, and we
have everything to get, and nobody but
ourselves."

"We found that we could on an average
earn eight dollars a week. We deter-
mined to live as cheaply as possible, save
all we could, and make ourselves at home.
Our rent was a dollar a week—our fuel,
light, water-rent and some little matters
a dollar more. We have allowed the
same amount for our clothing, and buying
the best things and keeping them care-
fully, we dress well enough for that.—
Even my wife is satisfied with her ward-
robe, and finds that raw silk at six shil-
lings a yard is cheaper, in the long run,
than calico at a shilling. That makes
three dollars a week, and we have our
living to pay for. That costs us with
three in our family, just one dollar a week
more."

"One dollar a piece?"

"No—one dollar for all. You seem
surprised; but we have reckoned it over.

It cost us more at first, but now we have
learned to live both better and cheaper
—so that we have a clear surplus of four
dollars a week, after paying all expenses
of rent, fire, light, clothing and food.—
I do not count out luxuries, such as an
evening at a concert, or a little treat to
our friends when we give a party."

I know a smile came over my face,
for he continued—

"Yes, give a party, and we have some
pleasant ones, I assure you. Sometimes
we have a dozen guests, which is quite
enough for comfort, and our treat of
chocolate, cakes, blanc mange, &c., costs
as much as two dollars; but this is not
very often. Out of our surplus, which
comes you see, to two hundred dollars a
year—we have bought all you see, and
have money in the bank."

"I see it all," said I, "all but the
living. Many a mechanic spends more
than that for cigars, to say nothing of li-
quor. Pray tell me precisely how you live."

"With pleasure. First of all then,
I smoke no cigars, chew no tobacco, and
Mary takes no snuff."

"Here the pleasant smile came in, but
there was no interruption, for Mary
seemed to think that her husband knew
what he was about, and could talk with-
out her aid."

"I have not drank a glass of liquor
since the day I was married. I had
read enough physiology to make up my
mind that tea and coffee contained no
nutriment, and were poisonous beside;
and I tried a vegetable diet long enough
to like it better than a mixed one, and
to find that it agreed with me better, and
as we have read and experienced to-
gether, of course Mary thinks as I do."

"But what do you eat and drink?" I
asked, curious to see how far this self-
taught philosopher had progressed in the
laws of health.

"Come this way and I will show you,"
he said, taking a light and leading the
way into a capacious store room. "Here,
first of all, is a mill which cost me twelve
shillings. It grinds all my grain, gives
me the freshest and most beautiful meal
and saves tolls and profits. This is a
barrel of wheat. It costs less than two
cents a pound, and a pound of wheat a
day, you know, is food enough for any
man. We make it into bread, mush,
pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of po-
tatoes. This is hominy. Here are some
beans, a box of rice, tapioca and maca-
roni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best
I can find in the market. Here is a
box of sugar, and this is our butter
jar. We take a quart of country milk
a day; I buy my other things down
town, by the box or barrel, wherever I
can get them best and cheapest."

Making what we eat as much or bread,
and all made coarse, without belting
and potatoes, or hominy, or rice, the staple,
you can easily see that a dollar a
week for provisions is not only ample,
but allows of a healthy and even luxu-
rious variety. For the rest, we eat greens,
vegetables, fruit and berries in their sea-
son. In the summer we have strawber-
ries and peaches, as soon as they are ripe
and good. Mary will get a dinner from
these materials at the cost of a shilling,
better than the whole bill of fare at the
Astor."

"I was satisfied. Here was comfort, in-
telligence, taste and modest luxury, all
enjoyed by an humble mechanic, who
knew how to live at the cost I have men-
tioned. How much useless complaining
might be prevented if all the working
men were as wise as William Carter."

I never shook a man or woman by the
hand with a more hearty respect than
when I said "Good night" to this happy
couple, who, in this expensive city, are
living in luxury and growing rich on eight
dollars a week, and making the bench of
a shoemaker the chair of practical phi-
losophy."

Reader, if you are inclined to profit by
this little narrative, I need not write out
any other moral than the injunction of
Scripture, "Go and do likewise."

As familiar example of how proper
names become changed by transportation
to different countries. The Story of
John Flint may be instanced. An Eng-
lish emigrant, settling in Pennsylvania,
found his patrymonial translation by the
Germans into "Fuerstein" (Firestone);
unsuccessful in his operations in that
state, he moved into Louisiana, where
the French colonists named him "Pierre
de Fusil;" and in latter days he departed
this life in New England as the lament-
ed "Peter Gun."

Pretty Sentiment.

The memories of childhood, the long,
far-away days of boyhood, the mother's
love and prayer, the voice of a departed
playfellow, the ancient church and school-
house, in all their green and hallowed as-
sociations, come upon the heart in the dark
hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the
joyous time, like the passage of a pleas-
antly-remembered dream, and cast a ray of
their own purity and sweetness over it.

A Sabbath-Keeping Steamboat.

Rev. A. G. Dale, a minister of the Ger-
man Reformed Church, gives in the last
number of the Western Missionary, an ac-
count of his journey, in his recent remov-
al from the East to the West. He states
that from Pittsburg to Cincinnati he had
as pleasant a time as he ever spent in trav-
elling. The most agreeable feature was
that he had a river passage on board a Sab-
bath-keeping steamboat. We extract the
following sketch of his trip.

"On Friday morning, we started down
the Ohio on the safe and comfortable Steam
Packet, Navigator, commanded by the
worthy and gentlemanly commander, Cap-
tain Dean, to whom I was recommended
by my esteemed friend, Rev. Dr. Riddle,
who assured me that he thought I would
be pleased, as the Captain was a pious man
and one who revered the Sabbath day,
and who would not permit his boat to run
in violation of that command, which bids
us 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it
Holy.' When I bespoke my passage with
the Captain, he appeared glad to find one
Minister of the Gospel, who preferred
travelling with his boat—because he laid
upon God's Holy Day, as the majority
of persons and professing christians, for-
get the command of God (to keep the
Sabbath Holy,) in their great hurry to get
to the end of their journey. How sad
the fact, and how discouraging to those
who desire to act in accordance with the
will of God! Surely the pleasure which
flows from a proper keeping of the Lord's
day, more than compensates for all the ap-
parent delay. It was the fact in our case,
and I am confident that it is with all who
have respect for the command of God.—
As the Sabbath drew nigh our boat was
safely secured near the shore, where we
laid in quietness and peace until Monday
morning. And as the Sabbath morn broke
in upon us—all seemed anxious to be re-
ady for the services which were to be ob-
served on board the boat. The writer
preached in the morning and afternoon,
and a Baptist brother who was in company
with us preached in the evening, and I do
not remember, Mr. Editor, that I ever wit-
nessed a more interesting and attentive
audience than we had at this time. The
serenity around us and the circumstances
which had brought us together all seemed
to give interest to the occasion. It was a
scene upon the Ohio river that we trust
will not soon be forgotten. During our
stay upon the boat, which was until Wed-
nesday, we had divine service both morn-
ing and evening; in the evening a short
address was always delivered, and the
blessing of God asked upon every meal—
and of all the passengers in the boat, num-
bering as I was informed between 80 and
100 souls, not one showed signs of disat-
isfaction, but on the contrary all seemed
pleased, and many were very much in-
terested in the services. Thus the time pass-
ed rapidly away, and I trust was not only
pleasantly but profitably spent; and Mr.
Editor, as an evidence that God will honor
those who honor Him, we were not only
protected from danger and borne down the
river in safety to our destined port, but
we reached Cincinnati some time before
two boats, which had started from Pitts-
burg some eighteen or twenty hours before
we did. On Sabbath, as we were quietly
attending to the privileges of that day, we
were passed by two steamers rushing on
down towards Cincinnati, and they no
doubt laughed at our weakness, (as they
would term it) in refusing to run upon the
Sabbath. But the scale was soon turned,
and on Monday we passed them, they hav-
ing run upon a bar, and one of them in a
leaky condition. It was quite amusing
to hear one of the colored men on the boat
say as we passed them:—"Dat wat you
get for not keepin de Sabbath,"—and when
we came down within 10 miles of Cincin-
nati, we found the two Sabbath-breaking
boats, which had started from Pittsburg
before us, struggling hard to extricate
themselves from a sand-bar upon which
they had run. Thus did God manifestly
honor us, and even those who murmured
and seemed to regret that they had taken
passage upon a boat that did not run upon
the Sabbath were forced to acknowledge
this, for as we passed the last boat, they
remarked that they were glad that they
had not changed boats, for it was evident
that although we had laid by upon the
Sabbath, we had lost nothing in the end.
How true it is that those who obey God
shall prosper. It is to be hoped that the
christian public will look at this matter in
its proper light, and if obliged to spend the
Sabbath on the Ohio river when travelling
will make it a matter of conscience to se-
cure their passage in a boat which will
keep the Sabbath as God has commanded.
I do not know whether there are any other
boats on the Ohio river that do conscien-
tiously reverence the Sabbath, but we do
know that the Steam Packet Navigator,
commanded by Captain Dean, does, and we
are assured that he is a worthy man, and
deserving of the patronage of the christian
public. He commands a fine, manly set
of men, and has a kind, courteous, and
gentlemanly clerk, with whom all were pleas-
ed, good fare, and good accommodations."



Agricultural.

Early Potatoes.

George H. Nichols, of West Amesbury,
Mass., writes to the Ploughman:—I saw
you advised farmers, in one of your num-
bers last Spring, to start their potatoes in
horse manure. I have followed it for sev-
en or eight years, and find it profitable in
two or three ways, firstly, you get clear
of the rot; secondly, you get a good price
for your potatoes, and your land is ready
for a crop of pickles or turnips. Potatoes
started in this way you get three
weeks earlier. A neighbor of ours planted
potatoes on the fourth of March. He
came over to our house after he had
planted them and said he should have po-
tatoes in the market first. Mine were
then in the hot bed. I began to take
mine out of the hot bed about the 28th of
April and finished planting on the first of
May. Now for the difference. I carried
potatoes into Newburyport market ten
days sooner than he—the first that were
in—they were nearly all full grown; his
were small. I carried off 164 bushels of
marketable potatoes from July 12 up to
August 6th. I had about 23 acres planted
four feet between the rows and 6 inches
in the drills; my ridges were broad and
flat; I hoed twice."

To Cure a Stiffed Horse in two hours time.

J. B. Coddard, of Norwich, Connecticut,
writes to the editor of the American Agri-
culturist as follows:

Take one gallon of urine and put into
it a small handful of junk tobacco—boil
down to one quart, then add two ounces
of oil of spike, one ounce of oil of amber,
two spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine,
and two spoonfuls of honey. Put it into
a jug and cork it tight for use.

How to apply it.—Rub the stiffed bone
hard with the mixture fifteen or twenty
minutes, then dry it thoroughly with a
red hot fire shovel; then ride the horse
fast and back one hundred rods. Repeat
the above two or three times, and a cure
will be effected.

Prices of Wheat and Flour.

We are asked if the prices of wheat and
flour are likely to rule as low as they do
now throughout the year. We think not
for the following reasons:—

1st. Corn has been a failure almost en-
tirely, in what is called the transition or
middle country of the south, owing to the
excessive drought; and it is not a large
crop any where, except at the west.

2d. Potatoes have rotted badly; and
turnips and other root crops, owing to the
drought, have suffered severely.

3d. Pastures in many places have been
so short that much corn has been cut up,
and hay given out to cattle for fodder.

Now when hay, vegetables and corn
are scarce and high, much more wheat,
and particularly shorts and bran, will be
consumed than ordinarily. Wheat and
flour must consequently be in greater de-
mand. We have heard of wheat being
ground up already, in considerable quan-
tities, with corn, oats and other grain,
for provender for cattle.

The crop of wheat has been large this
year in America, and generally through-
out Europe. Notwithstanding this, Great
Britain will want a great quantity, and
the consumption at home will be more,
depend upon it, than is now anticipated.
On the whole, we think wheat and flour
are destined gradually to advance through-
out the winter, and the next spring they
will be higher than now—still we may be dis-
appointed in so agreeable an anticipation
for the benefit of the farmer.—New York
Agriculturist.

Mutton Haters Attend.

The American Agriculturist says—"We
mean to repeat at least a thousand times,
or till what we say has soire effect upon
our countrymen, that a pound of lean,
tender, juicy mutton can be raised for half
the cost of the same quantity of fat pork;
that it is infinitely healthier food, especial-
ly in the summer season; is more agree-
able to the palate, when one gets accus-
tomed to it; and that those who eat it become
more muscular, and can do more work
with greater ease to themselves than
those who eat fat pork. We know no-
thing more delicate than smoked mutton
hams of Southdown breed of sheep.—
Venison itself is not superior. Sheep can
be kept in fine growing order where any
other domestic animal will scarcely exist,
and thousands of acres in the State, under
any enlightened system of sheep husband-
ry, may be made to pay a good interest
where now they are nearly dead property
on the hands of their owners."

THE PUMPKINS.

An Autumnal Song—By J. G. Whittier.
Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock, and the tree, and the cottage
enfold.

With broad lands all greenness, and blossoms
all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once
grew;

While he waited to know that his warning was
true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened
in vain,

For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire's rain.

On the banks of the Yenli the dark Spanish
maiden,
Comes up with the fruits of the tangled vine
laden;

And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold,
Through orange leaves shining, the broad spheres
of gold;

Yet with dearer delight, from his home in the
North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks
forth,

When crook necks are coiling and yellow fruit
shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his
vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving day, when from East
and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim
and guest,

When the grey-haired New Englander sees
round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-worn man seeks his mother
once more,

And the worn matron smiles where the girl
smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the
eye?

What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin
pie!

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood! the old days re-
calling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown
nuts were falling,

When wild ugly faces were carved in the skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle
within!

When we laughed round the corn heap with
hearts all in tune,
Our chair a bread pumpkin—our lantern the
moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like
steam,

In a pumpkin shell coach with two rats for her
team.

Then thanks for the present—none sweeter or
better,
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry as fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking
than thine!

And the prayer, which my mother is too full to
express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be
less,

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened be-
low,